THE THREE LITTLE GRAVES.

THE

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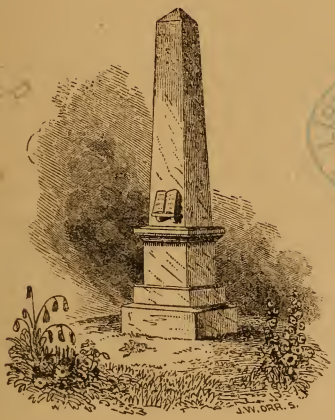

He shall gather the Lambs with His Arms, and carry them in His Bosom.—Isaiah 40: 11.

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GREENWOOD.

Have you ever been, little reader, to Greenwood? It is one of the loveliest, but saddest spots in the world. In summer time, the greenest grass grows there, the sweetest flowers bloom, the fairest trees point upward to the skies. As you enter the beautiful gate you might think you were on fairy ground. Following the winding road, you go up one hill and then another, and yet another, until you are almost on mountain height. And then you see away off in the distance the great city of New York, and also Brooklyn and Jersey City. The broad bay of New York lies before you, all covered and alive

with steamboats and sailing vessels. Then you look just around you, and see the most beautiful terraces and roads, and lovely valleys, and little silver lakes.

What a very pleasant place this is, you say. Who lives here?

Ah! my dear children, there are a great many little marble and granite houses here, but no one *lives* in them. Do you not know this is the place of the dead? All around us there are human bodies lying. But they are sleeping that long sleep from which no one of them will awake, until the morning of the Resurrection. Old grandfathers and grandmothers, and parents, and boys and girls, and tiny babes. Oh! how many are slumbering in Greenwood! They are all what we call dead.

Here we are on Forest Avenue. A great many very grand monuments stand around in every direction. But we turn from them all to look at Three Little Graves. They are

quite small. The grass of only one summer has grown upon them. In those graves three little children lie. One, when he died, was only eighteen months old. The second was a little over five years, and the third was nearly eight years of age. They were a brother and sisters, the only children of their fond parents.

They were all very good. They loved one another dearly, lived together pleasantly, and died one very shortly after the other.

Erasmus James Lewis was born Jan. 25, 1857, and died August 7, 1858.

Margaret Louisa Lewis was born June 23, 1853, and died November 15, 1858.

Mary Ann Augusta Lewis, was born Feb. 10, 1850, and died Nov. 24, 1858.

There is a text of scripture which says "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first." It was so with these little ones. The youngest, the babe, was the first to die. The oldest was the last. Their souls, we hope,

have all gone to heaven, but their precious dust is gathered here in Greenwood. It is all in one place, so that their young friends can strew flowers at the same time over all their graves. The same angels can guard them, and at last they can together arise to live forever with Jesus in glory.

Would you like to hear about this family of children? I think you would, for their history, although short, is very interesting.

Erasmus James Lewis.

This was a little babe. But although young, he was a wonderful child. In his look there was something peculiar, and sometimes heavenly. He learned to walk when less than a year old. After that he would often run to his mother in the evening, when she was hearing the older children say their prayers. Sitting on her lap, he would close his eyes, clasp his hands and remain perfectly silent until they were through. And then, jumping down, he would go to his play again.

One day, during the last week of his life, his mother found him lying in his bed, with his hands raised and joined together, and his eyes lifted to heaven, as if he was praying. The next day she saw the same thing again. He was but an infant, but such can praise God. The Bible says: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Dear little *Razzie*, as he was generally called, was sick only a few days. God came and took him to heaven. His parents knew he was happy, but they and his sisters and others were full of sorrow, because the good little baby boy was gone from their sight.

There is the first grave. See how little it is. Let us now look at the second.

Margaret Louisa Lewis.

This dear child was very young when she died—younger perhaps than the little boy or girl who is now reading this story.

She was a very lively creature, always laughing and playing. Like a pleasant sunbeam that shines in at the window, she made the house seem bright, and all in it very happy. No one could look at the playful child, or hear her constant prattle, without loving her.

Maggie was very ambitious. Little as she was, she wanted to do something, and to be regarded as somebody. And this was

right. So every one should feel. To show you how this spirit was manifested by this little girl, I will tell you a fact. One day, when she was too sick to go to school, or even to leave the house, her older sister brought home from school a very pretty certificate. Maggie liked the looks of it, and knew that it was for good behavior and scholarship, and so she exclaimed: "Sister, I don't see why I can't have one too."

She was very affectionate. Sometimes her mother would say to her, as the older sister hung upon her neck: "See how Mary loves mother." Then little Maggie would spring forward quickly, and joining her sister in the embrace, would say, with great tenderness: "So do I."

Although very lively, she was a thoughtful child. Visiting at an uncle's house over one Sabbath day, she noticed that he, for some cause, did not attend church in the morning. At the dinner they all asked a

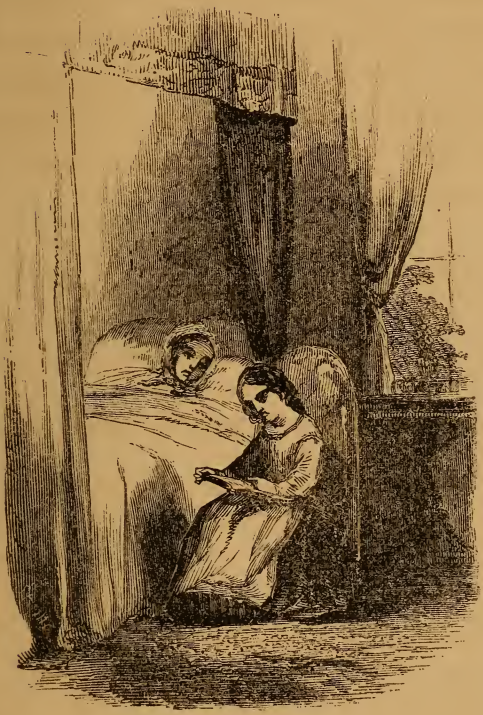
blessing in silence, as they were used to doing, and the uncle had his eyes closed longer than the others at the table. When he was through, the sweet little prattler said, in half play, half earnest: "I 'spect, uncle William, you thought you would say a little more grace because you didn't go to church."

When they were returning home from the baby's funeral, Margaret asked her mother this question: "Mother, if I had died, would you cry so?" "Yes," was the reply, "for I love all my children." "But I don't want you to do so," she said. "It will make you sick."

It was only two months after that time, when the dear little girl, whom every body loved, was taken very ill. Her father and mother could not bear to think of losing their darling child. So they nursed her very carefully, and called to her bed-side some of our best doctors, and prayed to God

earnestly. But it was all in vain. God wanted the sweet flower in the heavenly garden, and so he sent his angels to bear her away. She knew she was dying, and just before she breathed her last, in a whisper, she said: "I'm going home to meet my brother."

"I'm going home to meet my brother,"
He is an angel now,
And Maggie soon will be another,
Before the throne to bow.
Weep not for me, dear father, mother,
And sister Mary, dear,
"I'm going home to meet my brother,"
I must not tarry here.



Mary Ann Augusta Lewis.

We now come, my dear little readers, to the third grave of which we have spoken. In it is resting the body of the oldest, and, when she died, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Mary seemed very well when her sister Maggie died, but it was only nine days after that when she followed her.

This sweet little girl was nearly eight years old; very young to die, but old enough to be very interesting. I have many things to tell you about her that are very pleasant. You will read carefully what I write, I hope,

so that you can take little Mary as your example.

MARY A GOOD CHILD.

Do you know what it is to be good? I will tell you. It is to love and serve God. Now, this no one can do until he has a new heart given him.

Mary, like all other children, had by nature a wicked heart, and this wicked heart led her to do some naughty things, for which she was afterwards very sorry.

You remember the story of Adam and Eve, our first parents. When they first came into this world, they were perfectly holy. But after a while they ate of the forbidden fruit, and then they became sinful. And all their children—all the race of men—are, and have been, like them in this thing. All children now living are sinful by nature. They are like their parents. Solomon says: "Foolishness is bound up in

the heart of a child." David declared: "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." You may not fully understand this, but, dear children, it is a great truth which you must believe, because God teaches it, and every one can see and feel it.

But I think God very soon made Mary's heart good, just as I think he did her little sister's and brother's. God can make children good, and often does. All those that die in infancy he makes fit for the kingdom of heaven. And some that live he makes holy when they are quite young. You know that Jesus died for poor sinners, and his blood cleanses from all sin. And if God pleases, he can take that precious blood and with it wash the little heart.

This He did for Mary. Perhaps she did not know when or how. This we cannot always tell. But if you go to God in prayer, and ask him to make you good for Jesus'

sake, He will hear you. And if you really wish to be good, He will not only hear but answer you, and give you the blessing you ask for. This Mary did. Will you not go right away to God in prayer, that, like this little girl, you may be good and happy?

A REMARKABLE CHILD.

There was something very peculiar about Mary. Her Sabbath school teacher said she was not surprised to hear of her death, although she was sick only a few days. So heavenly was she in her appearance and talk, that she did not seem to be long for this world. Her blue eyes were often turned to heaven, as if they received their color from the sky, and her words were ever about Jesus.

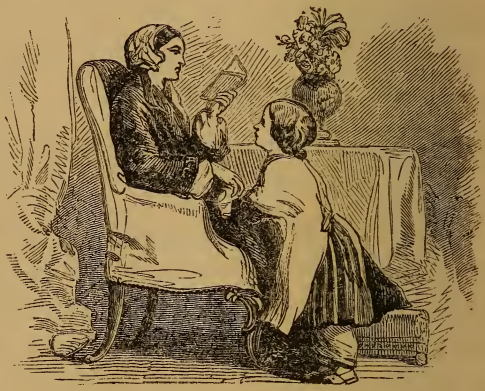
Even her mother says, although she had but little thought of ever losing her children when they were all around her, yet she felt that if she had to part with either, it

would be Mary. She was too holy a child to stay long on earth.

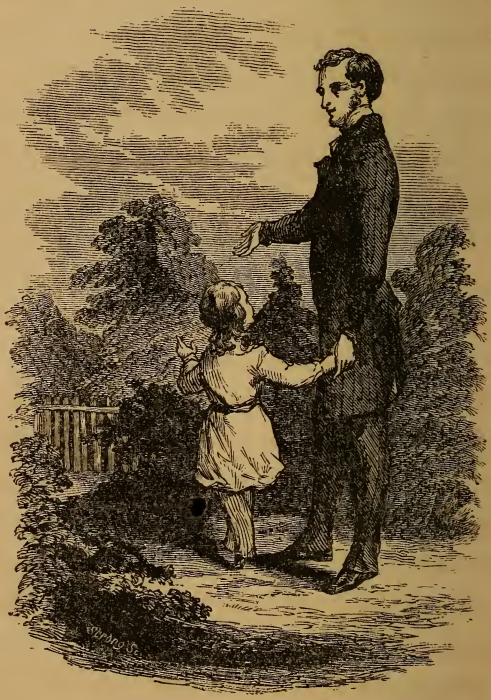
FIRST BUDDINGS OF PIETY.

Did you ever watch the rose bushes early in the season? They straiten up and begin to look green, and by-and-by little leaves are formed, and after a while little bunches will appear. These will grow larger and larger, until at length one gently bursts, and then you see a little red flower just trying to peep out of its cell. This we call a bud.

Now, when Mary was like that tiny bud—when she was a flower only three years old, and not yet able to read, one day she came to her mother, and wished her to read to her from the Bible. "What shall I read about?" inquired her mother. "O, about God and Christ," was her reply.



She was always very fond of looking at the moon and stars, and often said she wished she was there. Sometimes she would get up at night from her little bed, and go to the window to look out. And when asked what she was doing, she would answer: "I am looking at the moon and stars." She thought that somewhere up there was heaven, and there she knew that



God and Christ, and the holy angels, and all good people were living.

And not only did she love to see the sky, with its pretty lights at night, she also was delighted to behold the beautiful things of earth. "O, I wish we lived in the country," she would exclaim. "Why do you desire this, my child?" "Because there I can see the flowers, and feed the chickens, and God could see me better there." Perhaps she meant that she could see God better there, for you know he can see us everywhere.

Walking in the country one day with an uncle, she stopped to gather some wild flowers growing by the way side. Her uncle asked her why she cared to pick such common flowers? "They are the best I can get," was her reply, and then she beautifully added, "God made them grow."

When she was in the fourth year of her age, she was at one time very sick, and her friends stood by her bedside weeping, sup-

posing that she was dying. And then, with her mind all at rest, and with very sweet tones of voice, she sang that pretty hymn which every good child knows and loves:

"There is a happy land
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye."

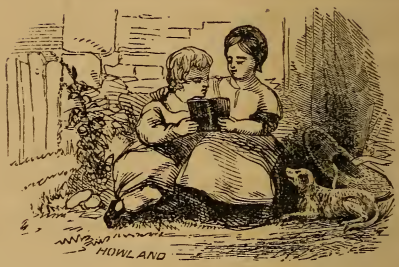
Whether sick or well, dying or living, little Mary seemed to be all the while thinking of her home in heaven.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

This sweet child was generally very obedient. She loved her parents and teachers, and tried to do not only just what they told her to do, but also what she knew they wanted her to do.

At one time she suffered much with a pain in her ear. Her mother asked: "What shall I do for you, Mary?" "O, any thing, mother," she said, and looked as if she would add: "You know best, I leave it all with you." This is what we call confidence. And good little children not only have this confidence in their parents, but also in Christ, who saves them from their sins. The fond mother was pleased to find her child so loving and trusting, and said to her: "What would you do without me?" This question filled Mary's heart with tenderness and her eyes with tears. She replied: "Don't ask me, mother dear, it would break my heart to do without you."

One day, during the sickness of her little brother Erasmus, Mary and her younger sister Maggie were called to come and nurse him for a little while. Child like, they wanted to play, and so stopped for a few moments. This was very wrong. Children



should obey at once when their parents speak. They should not wait a minute. Soon the mother of these little girls said to them in reproof, "It may be God will take little brother away." This was enough. They both at once left their play, and springing to the side of the little babe, did all they could to amuse him. Presently, Mary, with a troubled look said, "He wont die now, will he, mother?" But he did die. Not because his sisters had been remiss perhaps, but God wanted him in heaven. And a little while after his death, Mary was reminded of her

neglect in not going at once to play with her little brother. Instantly the dear child burst into tears, and cried out in her sorrow, "Do n't tell me that again, or you will break my heart." Little reader, do you feel bad, when you remember that you have done wrong? If you do, go to Jesus, and ask him to make you good again.

SHE PITIED THE POOR.

Mary Lewis not only loved her father and mother and other dear friends. She also loved those she did not know. She felt a regard for the poor. How many boys and girls run about the streets of our large city, who are often hungry and almost naked. You often see them, and I hope are sorry for them. Mary was. She saved her pennies, that many children would have spent for foolish things, that she might give them to the suffering poor. At one time, when she saw a little beggar, she exclaimed, "Ma,

is n't it too bad that that poor little girl has no bed, no home? Wont you let her come here? She can sleep with me. We will wash her and make her clean."

A LITTLE PREACHER.

We ought, dear little friends, not only to be good ourselves, but also to try to make others good. Do n't you think so? We have seen that Mary was generally very careful to do herself what was right. Now let us notice what she did to lead other children in the good way. When playing with boys and girls of her own age, she would sometimes hear them speak falsehoods, or see them strike one another in anger. At such times she would also tell them they did very wrong, and beg them to stop and never do so again. "Do n't you know that God hears and sees you?" she once said to some naughty boys. This she spoke very earnestly, at the same time pointing her finger to heaven.

What a sermon was this! I do not know whether it was felt and heeded by the wicked children. But if it was not, it showed how Mary hated sin. We too, my dear children, may all learn to hate evil. We often see it, and whenever we can we should speak against it. But if we cannot sometimes say a word to stop it, we can always feel sorry, and pray God to make the bad people good.

LITTLE MARY IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

We have seen our little friend with her young companions at play. We have seen her at her pleasant home. Let us now look at her in the Sabbath school.

To her this seemed the most delightful spot on earth. Oftentimes, on Saturday evening, she would run to the window just before going to her bed, and anxiously look up into the heavens. "Why do you look out so earnestly, Mary," some one asks. "I want

to see whether it will be pleasant to-morrow, so that I can go to Sabbath school," was her reply. If the sky was cloudy, she would appear troubled. But if it was clear, and she could see the pretty twinkling stars, she would look very happy. She loved her home, and all the dear ones there, and well she might, for every body and every thing there was pleasant. Yet the Sabbath was a tedious day to her if she could not go to the Sabbath school. If the day was stormy, and the walking bad, she would say she was sure no one would get sick in going to Sabbath school. The second Sabbath before her death, she was quite unwell. The last sickness was beginning to take hold of her body. But she could not be induced to stay at home. Not being able to go so far as to her own Sabbath school, she went to one nearer by, and seemed to enjoy the exercises very much.

In the school she used to attend, there is a

missionary society. One object of this society is to raise money to help support the missionaries, and to send the Word of God to those who are perishing in ignorance and sin. Mary was very much interested in this society. She had promised to bring a penny every Sabbath to put in the box. If she happened to forget it, as she sometimes did, she would go home feeling quite bad, and would say respectfully to her mother, "Why did you let me go without my missionary money?" And all the week she would grieve that she had neglected to give in her usual offering. Dear little reader, are you so careful? You know the good missionaries cannot live without we give them money to support them, and the heathen cannot be taught the precious truth about Jesus, unless we send them the Bible. So do not forget to take your pennies. Whatever you can give, try to give it regularly. If you and all the other boys and girls in the school

do this, the missionary society will always be able to make a good report. And then your Sabbath school will be like a lamp shining in a dark place. It will be like a spring that sends out its streams on every side to make the earth beautiful. And if you do this, and like little Mary, with your money offer fervent prayers to God, for the poor heathen, then you will yourself be a little missionary, and perhaps save a great many souls.

This interesting child, of whom I am telling you, not only loved to go to Sabbath school, but she also was careful always to go prepared to recite her lessons. And besides the regular lessons, which the other little girls in her class learned, she of her own accord began to commit to memory the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John. Every Sabbath she came to school prepared to repeat to her teacher five or six verses. She had learned before her last sick-

ness twenty-four verses, aud could say them all perfectly. Do n't you think this was well for such a little girl?

And these words of the Saviour seemed to her very lovely. After repeating them she would go back and talk about them. "*In my Father's house are many mansions.*" "That means, teacher," she would say, "there are many beautiful places in heaven." "*Let not your heart be troubled.*" "Why should we?" she would exclaim. "Jesus will make all things happen for our good." Dear child! her faith was stronger than that of many grown up Christians. When she read that the apostle Thomas said, "*We know not the way,*" she said that was very wrong in Thomas. He ought to know Christ would not tell an untruth. She did not much admire that apostle because of his unbelief. "*If I go not away, the Comforter will not come.*" This passage gave her some trouble. She could not quite understand its meaning.

Thus, this dear child would talk about Scripture, just as if she was an old Christian, telling what she thought, and asking about what she could not understand. And surely she was right in so doing. Why has God given to us minds, if we are not to use them? And what can be more interesting for us to read and talk about than the Word of God! What can be more useful for us to know, than that truth which comes to us from the Great Jehovah? I hope all my little readers love the Bible, and read, and study, and talk about it.

Little Mary had a good memory, and this enabled her to commit scripture verses easily, and to remember them well. If God has given to you a good memory, you cannot use it better than in storing your mind with Bible truth. What you commit when you are young, you will remember the longest. I know a good old gentleman, who is now almost blind, so that he cannot read a word,

and probably never will. He says he studied the Bible when he was a child, and he has been studying it all his life long. And now he can repeat verse after verse and chapter after chapter. Don't you think, now that he is blind, he is glad he read and studied so much when he was able to see? One day he told his minister, he thought if all the Bibles in the world should be lost, he could almost make one up again from memory. Study this good book now. It will be a blessing to you in life, and fit you for death and a happy eternity.

HOW TO BE SAVED.

And Mary had the truth in her heart as well as in her mind. One Sabbath she said to her teacher, "I know why Jesus came into the world. He came to save sinners. We are all sinners, and must all die. But if we trust in Jesus we will live again." There was nothing particular to call forth this re-

mark. The good teacher and scholar were sitting together in silence, just before the exercises of the Sabbath school were opened. This shows the great feeling of her mind. All the while she was thinking of Jesus. His name was music to her ear. She loved to hear it, and speak it, and hymns which contained that name, and were about the dear Saviour, she loved above all others.

My dear boy or girl, do you know why Jesus came into the world? Do you feel that you are a sinner? Do you trust in Jesus that you may be saved?

HYMNS.

I must tell you something more about Mary's favorite hymns. This dear little girl was very fond of music. She loved the sweet tones of the piano and organ, and would listen for hours, if she could, to the pleasant sound. She was also very fond of singing, and was never better pleased than

when joining with others in the sweet melodies she had learned in the Sabbath and week day school.

But further than this, she had a fine ear for poetry. The Sabbath school hymns were her delight. Sometimes she would weary her friends in repeating them. A great favorite with her was a hymn called "*All fullness in Christ.*" Perhaps you have read it, and so I will only give here one of the four pretty verses:

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
'Till not a spot remains."

This hymn she found in the Child's Paper of September, 1858, which was given her in the Sabbath school. She folded the paper

and put it carefully away, and often referred to the beautiful hymn it contained. And well she might, for the hymn exactly expressed the feelings of her soul. Every word of it she could repeat as coming from her heart.

It was a common practice for her to cut out of the papers little pieces of poetry which peculiarly pleased her. As I now write this little history, there lies on my table a piece called "*The Orphan's Reverie;*" another "*The Bird of Heaven,*" and another "*The Music of the Soul.*" These, Mary, with her own little fingers, cut from different papers, and her parents value them very highly, because they were so often handled and read by her.

MARY'S WISH.

Have you ever thought what you would like to be or to do when you get big, if God is pleased to spare your life? Mary said she

wanted to be a teacher, both in the Sabbath and week day school. She was all the time studying that she might, if God pleased, be able to instruct others. This was a good and noble thought, especially for a little girl only seven years old. We cannot but feel sad that this wish was not granted. We think little Mary Lewis would have done much good had she lived. But God knows best, and He saw fit to take this dear child early to heaven.

We now come to the saddest and yet the most interesting part of our story, the account of the last illness and death of our little friend.

DEATH APPROACHING.

After her little brother's death, Mary said, "Razzie will be cold now. He will have no one to dress him." She did not like the thought of putting his body in the ground.

But when her sister Maggie was buried,

she did not seem to think of this, but asked, "Where are the flowers?" She expected to see some around the grave, and was disappointed in finding none there. Her mother, with a heart full of grief, said to her, "If we live until next spring we will come and plant some flowers here." But the little girl shook her head. Perhaps an angel whispered to her then, that in a few days she too would be lying there.

On the day after her sister's funeral in the morning, before she was dressed, her affectionate mother came to her bed-side, and throwing her arms around her only darling's neck, exclaimed, "You won't leave me too, as Maggie did, will you?" The reply of the little girl will never be forgotten. Returning the embrace, she said, as the tears gathered in her eyes, "I don't want to leave you, mother dear. But you know, that when our Father calls us, we must go to meet Him in the 'promised land.'" It was only a Sab-

bath or two before, that she had learned in the Sabbath school the sweet hymn to which she alluded:

> "I have a Father in the promised land,
> My Father calls me, I must go
> To meet Him in the promised land."

The beloved child evidently had some idea that her time was short.

On that same day, the day after her sister's funeral, which happened to be on Thanksgiving day, she said to her mother, "I want to tell you what I saw. I saw God, and Jesus Christ standing by His side." This certainly was a very strange thing for a little girl to say. If you will open the New Testament, and turn to the 7th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, you will read that Stephen, who was stoned to death because he loved Christ and preached about him, had just such a sight as Mary said she had. Let us read the words. "But he," (that is Steph-

en), "being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." What a blessed, glorious view was that! Ah! Mary, like the good Stephen of old, was near the happy land, and a chariot was ready to carry her to her heavenly home.

SICKNESS.

For several years Mary had been troubled with a catarrh in her head, and the physicians think it was that disease which caused her death.

Almost immediately after Maggie's death she was taken sick. And what seems very strange, although they died very close one to the other, Mary, and Maggie, and Razzie died of different diseases.

As you may suppose, the parents felt very

bad when their only remaining child was taken sick. Looking into the face of the sweet child, her mother asked, "Do you love me, Mary?" With great earnestness she replied, "*Yes, I love all the good.*"

As we have already said, she always had shown great affection for her parents and other dear friends. During the short sickness which ended in death, she wanted to hold the hand of her mother or her Sabbath school teacher all the time, and her love to them seemed to increase to the last.

One day her ever watchful mother was leaning over her, and wished to give her some medicine. Looking up very expressively into her face, the child inquired, "Why?" The reply was, "I want to make you better." At once she said, "You can't make me better." The impression on her mind was that she would die.

The day before her death, she said rather abruptly, "I am well." So happy was she

in her mind, that she felt there was nothing the matter with her. And yet all the while she was expecting death.

On the last day of her life, a dear young friend asked her, "Are you happy?" She spoke no words in answer to this question. But turning her eyes toward heaven, a pleasant smile lit up her face.

Only two hours before she breathed her last, the dying child said she saw her grandmother Lewis. Before Mary was born, this grandmother had died in the room next to that in which the little girl then was. She had often heard about her grandma, and where and how she died. So getting out of the chair in which she was reclining, the child seemed trying to go to her sainted grandmother. "See, Mama, she is way up there," she said, pointing to the ceiling. She then touched the door, and disappointed, said, "Mama, why is that wood? Why is it not grandma?" After she was gently car-

ried back to the chair, she said she saw white things, they were so beautiful, and all around, and then she tried to catch them. I suppose she was at this time what people call "out of the head." But her mind was evidently more on heaven than earth.

DEATH.

We now see Mary dying. Joy is in her face. In an exstacy she cries out, "Maggie, sister Mary will soon be with you, dear." Her mother asks, "Can you see Maggie?" With distinctness and emphasis she replies, "Yes, Margaret Louisa is an angel in heaven, and I too am going to be one soon."

These were her last words. Soon she fell into a peaceful slumber. Shorter and shorter grew her breath, and paler her face, until she slept the sleep of death. Her body lies in the grave in Greenwood, beside her brother and sister. We hope that noth-

ing will disturb these Three Little Graves, until the voice of Jesus, at the great resurrection, calls those beloved forms to arise again. They will then come forth in new beauty, and rise to be forever with the Lord.

But even now, we hope the souls of these dear children are in heaven. And how happy they are there! No more sickness or death. No more sorrow or sin. Jesus has wiped every stain from their hearts and every tear from their eyes. Each one sits like a king on his throne. A crown is on his head. A harp of gold is in his hand, and with myriads of the young and old, of angels and men, each one sings the everlasting song, "Worthy the Lamb."

The following pretty lines have been written on the death of little Mary Lewis, by an aunt:

Though thy freshness and beauty are laid in the tomb,
Like the flowret which droops in its verdure and bloom;
Though the halls of thy childhood now mourn thee in vain,
And thy strains will ne'er waken their echoes again;
Still o'er the fond memory they silently glide;
Still, still thou art cherished, our joy and our pride.
Sing on thou pure seraph, with harmony crowned;
Through the broad arch of heaven thy notes shall resound,
And pour the full tide of thy music along,
While a bright choir of angels reëchoes the song.
The pure elevation which beamed from thine eye,
As it turned to it's home in yon azure sky,
Told of something unearthly: it shone with the light
Of pure inspiration and holy delight.
"Round the rose that is withered a fragrance remains,
O'er beauty in ruins the mind proudly reigns."
May spring's fairest bud o'er thy resting place wave,
As the sigh of deep anguish breathes over thy grave!
But thy spirit has mounted to regions on high—
To the throne of its God where it never can die.

MARY'S HYMNS.

All Fullness in Christ.

I.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
  That spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
  From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
  To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
  'Till not a spot remains.

II.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
  All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
  He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
  My burden, and my cares;
He from them all releases,
  He all my sorrow shares.

III.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
  This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
  I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
  Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
  His name abroad is poured.

IV.

I long to be like Jesus,
  Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
  The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus
  Amid the heavenly throng.
To sing with saints His praises,
  To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar.

The Music of the Soul.

By Amanda T. Jones.

There is a music soft and low,
  That dwelleth in the soul,
And ever there in secrecy
  Its untaught numbers roll,

It hath no words, but O, it bears
  The raptured soul along,
As though the atmosphere around
  Were tremulous with song.

It hath a wilder, sweeter sound
  Than all Earth's melodies;
Its dwelling place is in the heart,
  Its birth place in the skies.

And like a far off anthem scroll,
  It chimeth ever there;
And on its unseen wing it bears
  The burden of a prayer.

All through the long and weary day
  Its dreamy murmurs flow,
Chanting afar within the soul
  A requiem, sad and low.

The eye may flash with angry light,
  The lip wear falsehood's smile;
Yet the sad music of the soul
  Swells softly all the while.

For ever sweeping through the heart
  Those holy murmurings are,
Unheard, but felt, as melodies
  Roll on from star to star.

When night, the solemn, dewy-eyed,
  Call the lone soul to prayer,
Then all Earth's music melts away
  Like discord on the air.

And in its dim cathedral sits
  The dark and troubled soul,
And wondering hears through nave and aisle,
  Its own wild music roll.

O, very dear to earth-worn hearts,
  Are those wild heaven-born lays;
Fresh from our spirit-home they come
  And teach us love and praise.